

Art on the Rampage

Concerning Certain Original Methods of Winning a Wager.

By Howard Dwight Smiley.

One day last summer a lot of us fellows were sitting out in front of Joe Beam's tavern talking over the possibilities of this, that, and the other thing when there came a crash from the barroom that sounded like a whole shelf full of bottles had broken down.

We all piled in to see what the row was, and there in the middle of the floor stood a strange chap with a rock in his hand that he was just going to heave into the big mirror that hung behind the bar.

"Hey, what're you trying to do there?" yelled Joe, making a dive for him and shaking the rock out of his hand.

"I was about to put a finishing touch to that mirror," answered the man, waving his hand toward it as he spoke.

Joe looked at his glass and promptly froze up like a setter pup pointing a rosin. Right smack in the middle of the thing was a smash as big as a watermelon, with cracks radiating from it like the rays of a painted sun.

He didn't wait to ask any more questions, but dug into that stranger so vehemently that it at once took the combined efforts of all of the rest of us to save him from immediate and complete annihilation.

"This is no way to treat a gentleman," he puffed, as soon as we had him and Joe disintegrated.

"What'd you break that mirror for then?" demanded Joe.

The man looked at the glass and then at Joe with a real pitying expression.

"Do you think that mirror's broken?" he asked.

"Think!" yelled Joe. "Why, darn your hide, I know it's broken."

"I am of the opinion that you are laboring under a hallucination."

"You are, hey? Well, maybe I am, but my eyes ain't and they say that glass is broken. You broke it and you're going to pay for it."

"My dear sir, I assure you that you are mistaken. I have splendid eyesight myself, and I am quite certain that, with the exception of the dirt and grime, your mirror is without a flaw, crack, or blemish."

I saw Joe begin to soften. He has a brother in the asylum.

"Oh, that's all right, old man," he said. "Of course it ain't broken. Make

yourself comfortable until your friends or keeper arrive."

"Oh, you needn't think I am crazy," snapped the man with asperity. "I can see that you don't believe what I tell you. Wouldn't you like to bet something that it is broken?"

"Sure," said Joe soothingly. "Sure thing. I'll bet you a million dollars."

"No, I wouldn't want to bet so much as that, but let's bet the drinks all round."

"All right, let's," answered Joe, ready to do anything to humor the man he thought was off his trolley.

The stranger took him by the arm and led him around to the mirror. Then taking a bottle of turpentine and a rag out of his pocket he went after those cracks, and in five minutes had the glass as clean as a whistle. The cracks weren't anything but paint.

That was our introduction to Uly. He passed around some cards on which was printed:

"Ulysses Rutherford Dunne, Artist."

"Gentlemen," says he, "I have come to your little town with the intention of making it my future home. I am, by profession, an artist, as my work on the mirror will testify. I took the liberty of painting those cracks when the room happened to be empty, just to demonstrate my ability. In a few days I will open a studio here, where I will be prepared to do portrait, landscape, and pastoral paintings; signs, lettering, and so forth."

And so it was that Uly settled down in our midst. He wasn't a bad sort of citizen either. Curious, as all geniuses are, but a right good fellow and jovial.

He had a dozen brushes that he used to carry in his vest pocket. Curious contraptions they were, about a foot long, hollow and filled with different colored paints. Worked something like fountain pens.

And how that fellow could paint. Anything you wanted, didn't make any difference what, he'd paint it.

Painted a head of hair on Lute Page's bald pate that was so natural everybody thought he had a wig on. The colored barber tried to comb it and was so scared that he left town that night.

There was a fellow named Jimmy Nolan lived here those days. Jimmy organized a football team among the town boys and used to take 'em around the State playing other teams for gate receipts and occasionally a small side bet.

The year Uly came Nolan had the crack team of the State. Everywhere they went they registered a victory, and they were playing everything that came along.

The whole town was interested in that team and mighty proud of it. I can tell you. Used to meet them at the train with a brass band and haul them up through Main Street in the

band wagon every time they came home from a game, whooping and yelling and carrying on like a Presidential election.

That is, everybody but Uly. He didn't like Nolan a bit and anything Nolan had an interest in was something you couldn't interest Uly in now.

When Nolan used to come down to Joe's place of an evening and tell us how he'd won the last game, Uly would sit in the corner and snort and grunt and show a general contempt for every thing Nolan said. One night he got more obstreperous than usual, and Nolan sort of lost his temper.

"What's the matter with you, you knocker?" he inquired, bristling up and walking over to where Uly was sitting.

"Aw, it makes me tired to hear you brag so."

"Who's bragging?"

"Why, you are, of course. You go chasing around the State with your little half-baked team, playing a lot of dinky little outfits that don't know a football from a punching-bag, and just because you happen to be a little stronger and don't get beat you think you are a football team. Why don't you line up with something that can play football? They'd take the conceit out of you blame quick."

"Oh, they would? Perhaps you know of a team somewhere in the State that would like to try it."

"Huh, I could organize one right here in town that could put it all over yours if I had three weeks in which to train them."

"You don't say so. Well you go ahead and produce that team and I'll just lay you ten to one that they don't last as long as a snowball in an oven."

"Do you mean that?" asked Uly, brightening up. "For if you do I've got one hundred dollars that I'll put up at those odds."

"Put it in Joe's hands and I will cover it," answered Nolan.

"In just two minutes," retorted Uly, jumping up and starting for the door.

"My money's in my room."

He was back in a jiffy and handed Joe a nice, brand-new one-hundred dollar bill.

"There you are," he says to Nolan.

"Now cover it."

Nolan was somewhat taken back when he found that Uly was in earnest, and I thought for a minute he was going to crawlfish.

"Where are you going to get your men?" he asked.

"Right here in town. With the stones that builder Nolan rejected will the corner-stone of the superior team be laid," quoted Uly, like a preacher.

Nolan put up his thousand, but I could see that he hated to, and that he was mighty suspicious. It was too easy even for Nolan.

Next day Uly was busy organizing his team. There was a scrub eleven in town that Nolan used to practice on and Uly induced them to join him.

He showed himself to be an experienced hand at the game, and certainly did good work coaching. Still it was evident to all of us that he didn't stand a ghost of a show to win. We knew that he would have to go out of the State to find a team strong enough to beat Nolan's.

He had three weeks to get ready in and before that time was up we were all feeling mighty sorry for him; he couldn't win any way you wanted to look at it.

The papers got hold of the story and did a lot of joshing at Uly's expense, but it proved to be good advertising, and on the day of the game the people began to come in from the country and adjoining towns in numbers that surprised all of us.

When Nolan saw the crowd we were going to have he looked up Uly and proposed that the winner take all the gate receipts. Uly agreed rather reluctantly, saying that he didn't want to be all hog and was willing that Nolan get back a part of his thousand.

The game was called for three o'clock, and by two-thirty Nolan and his team were on the field. Uly had rented a shed, up at the west end, for a dressing-room, and he and his team had gone in right after dinner and were still there.

It was five minutes to three when the shed door opened and something came piling out and tumbling down the field. At first no one could make out what it was; in fact it was within thirty feet of us before I saw it was the team.

And such a team! Uly had bought brand-new suits for his boys, everything from caps to shoes all made of nice clean white canvas. And all over these suits, caps, stockings, and even their hands and faces, Uly had painted footballs—rugby footballs, exactly like the kind they were going to use in the game. And they were so natural that you couldn't tell them from the real thing without feeling of them.

Nolan started to kick right away, but Uly insisted that his men had on the regulation uniforms, and it was nobody's business what color they were. The umpire sustained him, and Nolan had to give in.

It was sure comical to see the expressions on the faces of Nolan's men after they began to play. They were facing what looked like a wall of rolling, tumbling footballs, and it was certainly bewildering.

Uly's team had the ball, and instead of bunching themselves and bucking their opponents, as is customary, they would scatter as much as they could, running off in all directions, but always toward the goal, with Nolan's men running from one to the other trying to locate the real ball and never finding it.

Two or three would tackle one of Uly's men, throw him down and feel all over him to see if any of the balls was the one they were after.

But it was of no use. They were just as helpless as if they were all blind, and they never got hold of the ball once. Nolan gave up at the end of the first half; the score then standing thirty-two to nothing in favor of Uly's team, they having made six touchdowns and kicked two goals in thirty minutes.

"Nolan," said Uly that night, when they met in Joe's place, "I owe you a debt of gratitude that I doubt I can ever pay. Three weeks ago I was in what you would call extreme financial straits, being down to exactly one dollar and forty-five cents. It was imperative that I make a raise somehow within thirty days, and therefore, my dear brother grafter, I hope you will pardon my putting my ingenuity and brush-wield into play to win that game. I had to win it Mr. Nolan."

"If you were broke at the time, where did you get that one-hundred-dollar bill you used to bet with?" inquired Nolan.

"I painted it," answered Uly.



PERMANENT BRILLIANCY

Is What Characterizes

HAWKES CUT GLASS

Many kinds of cut glass look bright when new, but being acid finished do not possess that hardness obtained only by hand finishing, which is the secret of the success of HAWKES GLASS.

When you buy HAWKES GLASS you have the satisfaction of knowing it will not wear dull with age. We are exclusive agents for HAWKES FAMOUS GLASS. We invite your inspection of our large stock.

H. F. WICHMAN & CO., Ltd.
LEADING JEWELERS

**It Refreshes the Body
And Relieves Fatigue**
Mild, Bland and Delicious

NIRVANA TEA

ALL GROCERS SELL IT

When prepared for the table this tea has a rich golden color and a subdued fragrance. Nirvana is especially selected by experts from the very best leaf grown in Ceylon, and is packed in lead for shipment to all parts of the world to insure direct distribution to the public.

It is guaranteed to retain its original flavor. Half and pound packages; or five pound lead lined boxes.

Theo. H. Davies & Company, Ltd.
Distributors.

Good Words for The Harrison Mutual Burial Ass'n

Gentlemen—Your association not only assures every member of a proper and decent burial at a very small cost, but relieves others of a responsibility they are not always prepared to meet.

Yours respectfully,
Father H. Valentin.

Another Message From Rev. Mr. Parker

Gentlemen—I cheerfully give my indorsement to the Harrison Mutual Burial plan and believe it a great benefit to the community. Very truly yours,

H. H. Parker.

For further information consult

J. H. TOWNSEND, Secy.
Kapiolani Building, Alakea and King Streets.



SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. Dosem.—Now, Willy, don't git rambunkshus! Your Paw give this medicine t' old Dobbin and the yearling bull yestidy an' they never made no fuss whatever!

MAKEE ISLAND BAND CONCERT FOR SUNDAY

Following is the program for Sunday's matinee band concert at Makee Island, Waikiki, commencing at 3 o'clock:

PART I.

Overture—"The Old Hundred."
Ballad—"The Nordstar".....Meyerbeer
Intermezzo—"Everlasting Day".....Bevan
Intermezzo—"Golden Rod".....McKinley
Selection—"The Lombardians".....Verdi

PART II.

Vocal—Hawaiian Songs...ar. by Berger
Selection—"L'Ebreo".....Apolloni
Fantasia—"In Switzerland".....Hume
Finale—"Il Trovatore".....Verdi
"The Star Spangled Banner."

New Fine Grass Crepe

in Pink, Blue, Lavender and Grey

Price 50c per yard

Silk Parasols, Fish Lanterns, Lamp Shades.

AT

SAYEGUSA'S

1120 NUUANU STREET, NEAR HOTEL.

Clergymen in Scotland have been disconcerted recently on discovering imitation money, made of silvered pasteboard and looking like shillings, in the offertory on Sundays. One minister says that no one "can quarrel with the ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of these 'coins.' They are absolutely perfect—to look at."